

i get mail that has been opened, either the items were placed in the wrong box and turned in at the counter or the fbi knows i still have a couple john lennon albums.

for a while i got a series of prison letters, and finally opened one. it could have used a little norman mailer work-up, but basically it went: i no longer want to kill your new boyfriend for turning me in, and i don't still hold you basically responsible for me being where i am, though i sometimes can't help thinking about it, so Please, Please, write! the number was right the name was wrong, i returned a couple and threw away a couple more before they stopped coming. i could be of no help to the guy, but he did remind me of what i have: a running car, sunshine on the blvd as i turn into the sea breeze, a manageable hangover, and the ability to write a sentence instead of serving one.

SUPERMAN JOKE

two guys are drinking
in a rooftop highrise bar,
one says: you know
the wind's so strong up here
that if you went over the edge
you'd get blown right back up.
the other guy says: better
ease up on your consumption.
first guy says: all right, watch.
he goes over the edge, gets
blown right back up.
second guy says: i gotta try that.
goes over the edge, down 100 stories,
splat. bartender says: superman,
you're so mean when you're drunk.

— Chris Daly

Seal Beach CA

WHAT I LEARNED FROM CHASING WOMEN

how fast they can run.